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THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

PAINTED BY WALTER DEAN GOLDBECK.

TRUTH JUSTICE BREVITY

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Mr. James Huneker, the famous Art Critic, will contribute regularly, beginning with the issue of April 11th, a page entitled "The Seven Arts." Authoritative, entertaining!

THIS week is the first issue of a really new Puck.

It is n't what we are finally going to make Puck, nor is it as good as we would like to have it. But for the first time, we think, in this issue Puck shows an indication of what the new spirit is to be.

We call especial attention to the three panels on Labor by Mr. Walkowitz that form the centre pages of this number. Mr. Walkowitz is thought by many persons to be the best exponent that America has yet produced of the new spirit in art that is now recognized as dominant in Germany and France. We are proud to have him as a contributor to Puck.

However, although we think this issue of Puck is good, you will find the next issue much better. You will find No. 1936, the issue after next, as far ahead of this issue as this issue is ahead of what you have up to now expected from Puck.

ISSUE 1936 will contain twenty pages. The cover will be, in coloring and idea, something absolutely new. The centre pages will be some really rare water-colors of the Island of Tahiti, made by an artist who lived for six months in native huts at Tahiti just to get these paintings.

Among the contributors in addition will be Stephen Leacock, the well-known author of the Nonsense Novels, whose work will hereafter appear regularly in Puck. Watch for 1936, the best issue that Puck has ever turned out. 1937, 1938, and thereafter, will be even better.

A COPY of the front cover of this issue, on heavy, rich paper, for framing purposes, will be mailed, postpaid, anywhere in the world on receipt of twenty-five cents in United States stamps or currency.

IN this issue Puck's Golf Idiot is making a point of inestimable permanent value to every golfer. This article should be in the library of every golfer and of every golf club in the United States. It is a repetition of the historic demonstration in London when P. A. Vaile proved conclusively in the presence of the London Press and golfers that the teaching of the leading players does not square with their practice. Study this article, golfers, one and all, and improve your game.

The article may be obtained, handsomely framed, from Puck for the sum of \$1.50. It will, thus framed, be a useful as well as an ornamental addition to every golf club-room. It teaches a great and fundamental truth in golf which is mis-taught in their books by the greatest players in the world—by such men as Braid, Taylor, and Vardon.

PUCK is in need of contributions—humorous ones of the literary kind, and artistic ones of the pictorial kind. Puck pays the highest prices regularly and invariably for contributions of the high standard it requires. Puck's prices are strictly cash-on-acceptance. In the case of literary contributions, the shorter the better. Puck pays, not by the line, but by the smile.

Puck will use its best care with manuscripts, but cannot be held responsible for their loss. Manuscripts sent in by mail should be accompanied, in every case, by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned.

PUCK is unique in the field of weekly newspapers. Puck has no axe to grind except the axe of Justice. Puck has no mission except to bring Good Cheer. Puck aims to be the most artistic, as well as the most humorous, publication in the United States. How well it is succeeding remains for you to judge. Won't you write to us what you think of this number? Address the Editor of Puck.



DRAWN BY JOS. KEPPLER.

WAKE UP, GEORGIA!

Ruck



CHARLES H.  RIGHT

THE MIGHTIEST MOUNTAIN.

DRAWN BY CHARLES H. WRIGHT.



"What Fools these Mortals be!"

IT was not precisely with enthusiasm that "the capitalist class" embraced the Income Tax, but for the most part submission was orderly. There were no riots, no demonstrations, around the Revenue Office. In fact, the country was wholly unprepared and off its guard when several rich Americans, temporarily abroad, swore by cable that if something was n't done at once to relieve their tax burdens, they—why they would cease to be Americans, by Jove! They would become subjects of His Gracious Majesty, King George, and disown absolutely the United States. Shock number one.



Prepare now for shock number two. Since Lloyd George began his crusade against dukes and such, and the British Isles displayed to the world a tax system more radical than any ever seen in that particular vicinity, numerous "divine right" gentlemen have voiced their disgust. Great Britain, they wailed, is taxing them out of the country. They will shut up shop and grouse-hunt somewhere else if the odious burdens remain. Some even threaten to come to America.

Before it is too late, and their chattels are all packed and ready to ship, somebody should tell these disgruntled ones just what awaits them on a foreign shore. Otherwise they may pass each other in mid-ocean. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Two "Peeping Toms," armed with a gimlet, made things interesting for a while at Palm Beach. Why anybody should take the trouble to be a "Peeping Tom," with fashions as they are, passes understanding.

A GENTLEMAN who makes his living with his fists states that modern dancing is harder work than modern boxing. Having witnessed both upon occasion, we are inclined to believe him. The Hon. JAMES CORBETT, for instance, is a master of foot-work in the roped ring, but put him in a tea-room, and he would meet many, even among the ladies, who were his peers. Foot-work, hand-work,



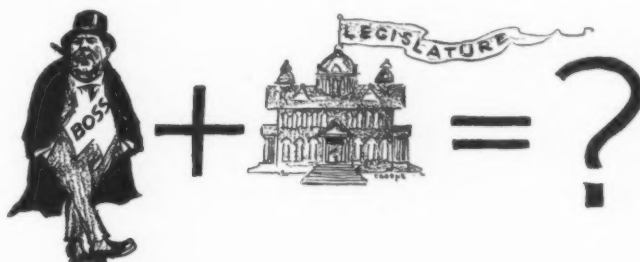
body-work, head-work, in fact *all* of the departments which enter into boxing are found developed to a higher state of efficiency in modern dancing. The truly progressive pugilist will abandon old-

fashioned methods of training, forsake the road-house and the road, and hie him to the nearest abode of Terpsichore. In no other way can he hope to be "trained to the minute."

On the other hand, if the prize-ring can learn something to its advantage in the dance-hall, there is a tip which the dance-hall and the tea-room should take from the prize-ring. Hugging, and what is known as in-fighting, are much more common among dancers than boxers. In the interests of propriety, for the sake of morality, there should be a referee at every modern dance to insist upon a break-away in clinches. Would he be a busy person? He would!

Striving commendably to be liberal, a Jersey church allows its young people to "Hesitate" and "One-step" when properly chaperoned. Prudent young people always hesitate when under the eyes of a chaperon.

A WORD with you, Miss MINNIE BRONSON, Secretary of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage! You say—unless you were incorrectly quoted, in which event pray pardon us—that the defeat of the Suffragists in the legislatures of certain States, mostly Eastern, "is an eloquent indication of what the public sentiment really is toward woman suffrage." Did you really say that, Miss BRONSON, and do you really believe it? Do you really think that the defeat of a measure, *any* measure, in the legislature of an Eastern State is proof that public sentiment is against it? Eastern

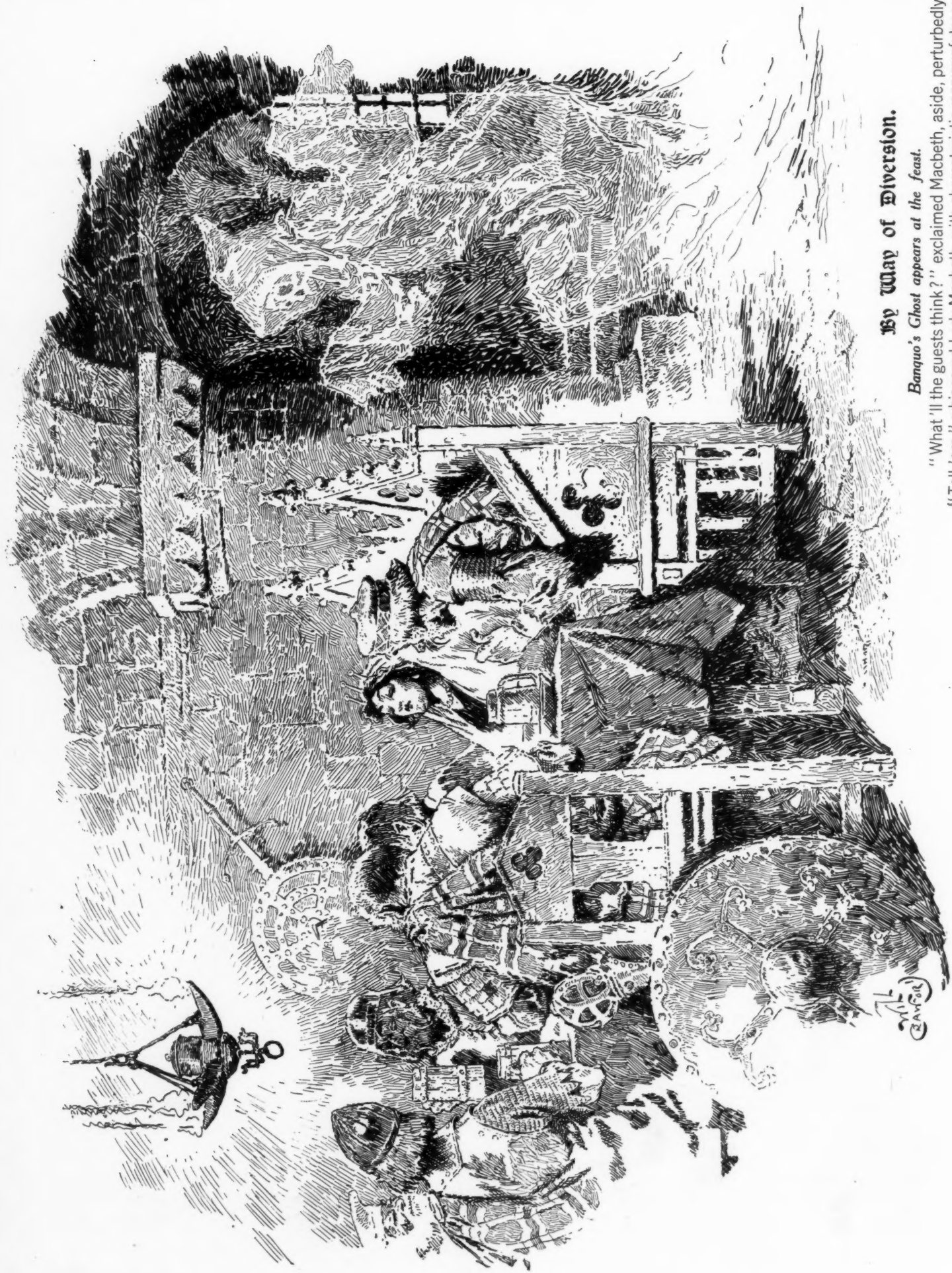


legislatures, Miss BRONSON, represent many interests, but public sentiment is seldom one of them. Getting a camel through a needle's eye, or a rich man into the Kingdom, is a positive cinch compared with getting genuine progressive legislation through the legislature of an Eastern State. When public sentiment makes a deafening noise the average Eastern legislator is conscious of a faint whisper—and he heeds it—but nothing less will jar him from his boss-set course. His vote is an "eloquent indication" of his subserviency, as a rule.

Why are we particular to say Eastern legislatures? Because not to do so would be unfair to some in the West. In the West there is a piece of ingenious machinery named "the Recall," and where the Recall is in force "public sentiment" has an occasional look-in. Incidentally, Miss BRONSON, the West has granted woman suffrage.

A CROWD of people, including policemen, recently watched a two-hour duel in Rome under the impression that it was movie-play in the making. It does n't pay these days to have a hair-trigger sense of honor. Gentlemen with good Toledo blades may as well have them ground down into safety razors or something as unromantic.

"Do you realize that no money can replace Mrs. PANKHURST?" cried the English militant who wrecked the Rokeby Venus. No, perhaps not; but CHRISTY MATHEWSON has a better throwing arm and a lot better control, and *his* money value is the mere trifle of \$15,000 (estimated) a season.



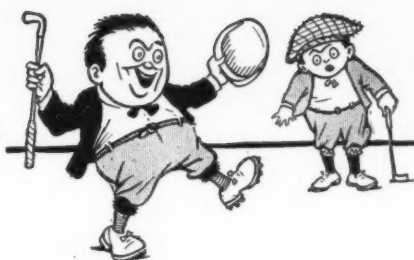
By Way of Diversion.

Banquo's Ghost appears at the feast.

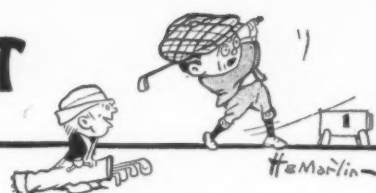
"What'll the guests think?" exclaimed Macbeth, aside, perturbedly.

"Tell 'em," whispered Lady Macbeth, with characteristic resourcefulness,

"it's the latest cabaret stunt!"



PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT



WEIGHT AT TOP OF SWING.

"You ask me," said the Idiot, with portentous solemnity, "to tell you where one's weight should be at the top of the swing."

We admitted that we did indeed thirst for this knowledge, having been so diversely instructed by the innumerable scribes who perpetrate golf-books in the names of great players, who never have read a line of proof in their lives.

We told the Idiot that we were well aware that Braid, Taylor, and Vardon, who only have a miserable quintet of open championships each, have asserted that at the top of the swing the weight is practically all on the right foot.

We then drew his attention to a statement in a recent composite book by six champions, which says that at the top of the swing in the push-shot "you cannot have too much weight on the left big toe."



"You cannot have too much weight on the left big toe."

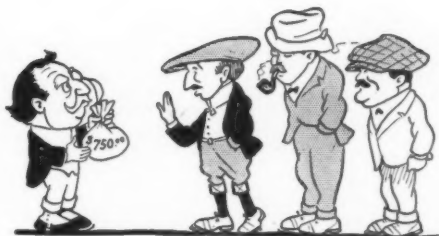
"The right leg merely comes in useful to prevent you from falling over, and it is difficult, after all, to execute a stroke on one leg only."

"Now, which is the truth?" we asked.

"Why, neither," said our Oracle. "Both statements are, from a practical golfing point of view, equally absurd. I know all the men referred to, and I do not for one moment believe that they would teach the nonsense which has been fastened to their names by enterprising publishers and writers of scanty knowledge."

"At the top of the swing it is beyond question that the greater portion of the weight should be on the left. This was clearly shown in a public demonstration, in London, by the man who has been appointed to keep an eye on me. He offered the professionals seven hundred and fifty dollars to come and prove their theories, but they stayed away."

"Now you know that you are told that at the address



Offered the professionals \$750.00, but they stayed away.

you are to distribute your weight equally, and that thereafter you must not sway at the hips or the head during your stroke.

"Say you weigh 160 pounds. That means that you have 80 pounds on each

IF any reader of Puck can show that the Idiot is wrong, he will receive from Puck the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and the Golf Idiot will go without salary for that week.

Address PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT, PUCK, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y. All letters, to receive consideration, must be signed with full name and address.

Letters received by PUCK'S Golf Idiot will be considered his property, for publication or other use as he may see fit. \$100.00 for the first letter each week PROVING HIM WRONG.

foot, and that you are fixed, so far as movement away from the hole is concerned, at the right foot, the right hip, and the right side of the head. How then is it possible to get your weight, or most of it, onto your right foot at the top of the swing? Clearly it is nonsense to say such things.

"I shall show you now exactly where most of the weight goes at the top of the swing, and later I shall show you why; for know, O seeker after the truth, that this question of thine striketh at the very root of the ancient and honorable game; that on its knowledge and proper execution dependeth the very base of golf."

"We have seen that the body cannot get back to put more weight on the right. What happens is that the weight goes forward. See this contrivance which I had made to illustrate the point," he continued.

"This thing is iron. Let us say that it weighs 160 pounds. You see in the first case 80 pounds on each leg. Let us knock in one of its legs," and he did so, as illustrated below:



This represents a golfer facing us. Weight here is equally distributed.

Does anyone think the greater weight is now on the right leg?

"You can see for yourself, can't you, that the weight goes forward? Yes, I knew you would; but mind this: In golf the knee should not be bent as I show it here, and as indeed nearly all books on golf show it bending. It should bend inward toward the ball, not sideways toward the other leg, as it was never meant to bend; and the weight which comes onto the left foot falls clean across the breadth of the foot at the ball of the toe and forward, and not on the big toe, which could not bear it, nor on the side of the foot, as we are generally told."

"This is the truth as to where the major portion of the weight goes at the top of the



The knee should not be bent nor the foot turned over as I show them here.

swing. How much of it there is in excess of that on the right foot, and how the left knee bends, I must go into another time. I have a luncheon date which I must move out to make, but if ever anyone deserved a severe suggillation under the left optic it is the journalist who started the story about



The left knee should bend inwards toward the ball—not sideways toward the other leg.

all the weight being on the right at the top of the swing. This, of course, means swaying, and when fifteen open championships repeat 'Sway,' although the winners thereof don't do it—it is time for me to tell the truth about the matter."

And he went out looking very severe.





ANY ONE OF 'EM.—Won't it be finz when warm weather comes and we can shake some of these cumbersome winter clothes!

CONVINCING.

THE Fates, just to see what they could do, once set themselves to convince the average man of his unimportance. Of course there was nothing to be accomplished along these lines until the man was at least twenty-five years old; but as soon thereafter as might be the Fates caused him to be married in church, with all the ceremonies. And they were gratified to observe that their devices were by no means barren of results. However, it was not until they elected him Governor, and had him publicly surrounded a time or two by his staff in uniform that they could felicitate themselves on having fully achieved their end.

THE MAD MARCH HAIR.

OH, the mad March hair escapes its braid
And blows in the eyes of the laughing maid,
And tickles her cheeks, as red as a rose,
And kisses her lips, as the March wind blows.
"Oh, mad March hair!" sighs the rapturous lad,
"I know how you feel—no wonder you're mad!"
Andrew Armstrong.

IN WRONG.

EMPLOYEE.—I don't like your methods of doing business, Mr. Grafton. I resign.
"PRACTICAL." BUSINESS MAN (*sneeringly*).—You're a holier-than-thou guy, eh?
EMPLOYEE.—No; merely a square peg in a crooked hole.

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW.

SEVERAL brilliant minds were engaged in planning an advertising campaign. "We must tell our story in a way that will catch the public's eye and hold its attention," said one.

"We must hit upon some catchy expression, some sparkling phrase, that will make them sit up and take notice," said another.

"We must be original," said a third, "and clever." The fourth man pondered and pondered with the rest, but felt that he had n't the ability.

Finally, a fifth man came along who was neither clever nor brilliant nor original. They told him their troubles and he smiled.

"Shucks!" he exclaimed. "Nothing easier. Just tell 'em this." And he wrote on a slip of paper—

"Two and two are four; four and four are eight; eight and eight are sixteen."

People everywhere said, as they read it:

"How brilliant!"

"How original!"

"How clever!"

To be successful, tell 'em what they already know.



REGULAR SPECIALIST.

FATHER.—I like to meet young men that do things.
DAUGHTER.—Then I know you'll like Ferdie, Papa. He makes the most wonderful salad dressing you ever tasted!

Ruck

THE NEWS IN RIME

COLLECTOR MALONE, of this section,
Is cruising the tropical main;
T. R. was elected a grandpa,
And Castro revolted again.



A chemical Pittsburgh professor
Exists on two dollars a week;
The old-fashioned bustle
Is back in the hustle,
And Speaker's too wealthy to speak.

A lady from liberal Kansas
Will tango for Senator soon;
The Martian canals became active,
And cheese is at par in the moon.
Amphibious hydroplane vessels
Must tootle their horns in a fog;
The King dodged an egg
From the Pankhurst brigade,
And no change marked the high price
of hog.

Some gentlemen dwelling in Texas
Went calling down Mexico way;
Will Taft said the I. W—ould n't
W—orkers
Should not be permitted to play.



Two years is the positive limit
For courting a girl in the Hub;
The lid in New York
Looked a lot like a cork,
And the Militants made it a club.

A button-tree, child of the Jungle,
Was found in the Ecuador bush;
We think we will move to the tropics,—
We might find a wild comb-and-brush!



Home Rule was shillalahed by Ulster,—
The fly-swatters armed for the foe;
A great deal of weather
Was had altogether,
And curves are now quite comme il
faut.

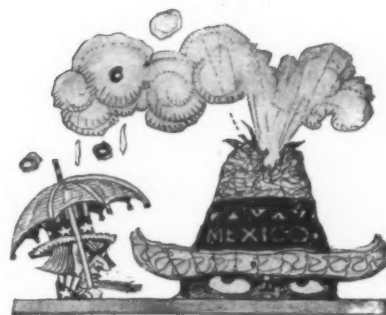
A few million hen-eggs from China
Arrived at our omeletteless shore;
Vic Huerta remarked to Carranza:
"There ain't gonna be any core!"
The Senate has given up smoking;
Albania welcomed her Prince;
Evangelist Sunday
Arrived on a Monday
And Jupiter slipped us a quince.

A Feminist picked up a hatchet,
And scrambled a famous Velasq';
Queen Emmeline went to the carcel,
And Congress is still at its task.



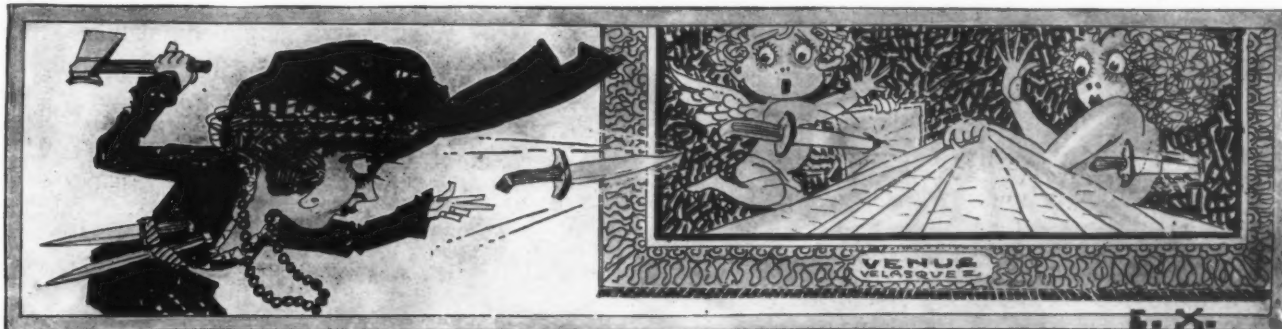
The tomcats of somnolent Brooklyn
Will still be permitted to howl;
The press of old Prussia
Is bombarding Kussia,
And Europe is wearing a scowl.

Miss Eleanor Wilson's engagement
Was headlined for better or worse;
Sir Woodrow's reply to Vic Huerta
Was definite, not to say terse.



The army is camping in Texas,
D'Annunzio fractured his knee;
Old Winter was doomed
When the hand-organs bloomed,
And Great Britain asked Travers to tee.

F. Dana Burnett.



THE NEW BEAUTY.

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

WALKOWITZ is one of the Titans of the New Beauty. Look at these figures. They are the modern Vulcans, Thors, and Wodins — very real ones. The hand that drew them is anarchistic, and the imagination that dreamed them is an imagination into which has filtered gleams — mad, sinister, diabolistic gleams — of the New Beauty.

And who are the disciples of the New Beauty? Who are the Raphaels of the Ugly — they who, like Walkowitz, come with a sound of fury and the breath of the hurricane into the Dresden-china world of the Plush Prettiness that we used to imagine was Art?

Who are they? They are the fathers of the American Renaissance — crude, bizarre, satanic, esoteric, barbaric.

Every great movement in history begins with a crime. Progress is conditioned on a perpetual transgression. Change is founded on death.

The New Beauty is the assassin of the Past. Futurism and Cubism are great because they are dynamic. They may be nothing in themselves, but they are the *avant-courier* of the future Art, and Art is the humor of reality.

The New Beauty glorifies Life. It is a reaction against the Candy Kids of an anemic intellectuality. Look at Walkowitz's figures. They are out of the slime, out of the mud. They represent the muscled will, glorifying the Brute always crying in us for victims.

There is something diabolistic in whatever glorifies matter and motion. Go through a gallery where there are exhibited examples of the New Beauty, whether they are Rodins, Matisse's, Picabia's, or Walkowitz's. You will hear, if you know how to listen, the Chant of the Earth. There is a soliloquy in every line of these monstrous figures.

Out of the earth, out of the sun, they seek to pivot the universe on the five senses.

The New Man, the New Beauty, the New Urge, seems to say: "What do I care for your heavens and hells and your sickly ideals and Beyond-the-Tomb nonsense! I am here in the light, in the concrete, in the clay of my body, and my brain is a plan of campaign for a march on the goods of this world. Focus your eyes on me from now on. One world at a time. I am here for war, and I'll plug up your intellectual peace-palaces with my victims."



THE

The New Beauty is born of a sort of inverted idealism — that Idealism which is the pickpocket of our lives.

The spirit of the New Beauty follows in the wake of labor, aeroplanes, automobiles, bursting steam-pipes, dreadnaughts, subways, and music-halls. It is democratic. The engineer swinging along at ninety miles an hour is right in the very dugs of the New Beauty. The miner who has just been propelled through a wall of coal by the thoughtless act of another miner goes into Eternity aureoled by the New Beauty. It is the life-and-death gestures that matter.

Have Walkowitz's figures any meaning? No. There is

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DRAWINGS BY A. WALKOWITZ.

THE NEW BEAUTY.

too much great art in them for that. To *mean something* is to be moral, and to be moral is to be ancient and mediocre.

The New Beauty patrols battlefields and has elbowed the old classic figure of Death—as banal and stupid as the figure of Time on the old almanacs—off of the Futurist canvases. Wherever there is noise, motion, “something doing,” there you will find the New Beauty.

Walt Whitman was really the discoverer and progenitor of this New Beauty, and he would have reveled in Walkowitz's figures. It was he who chanted the beauty of the ugly, and sang the song of the smoke-stack and showed us the mystery of a fire-plug.

The New Beauty has little to do with Cubism. Cubism is the insanity of art. It is the aspiration of a pin-head to be a brain. Can you eternize your fountain-pen and put the glamor of the Unseen on your nightshirt, and paint an oyster-shell so that it will look like the nominative case? If you can, you are a Cubist. If you cannot, thank God, for you are still sane. For there are more things in the philosophy of Cubism than were ever dreamed of in heaven and earth.

But Walkowitz has seen right *into* the earth and man, and he is great because he has no philosophy. He reports himself.

WHAT PUCK at the Play BE!

THEATRICAL RATINGS FOR Puck READERS.

KEY TO RATINGS.
Quality of Performance—a good, b fair, c bad.
Patronage (as reported)—1 good, 2 fair, 3 poor.
Class of Show—x drama, y comedy, z musical.
Not yet reviewed †.
Having extraordinary run *.
Puck recommends—P.

Anglin, Margaret	Hudson . . . †
A Pair of Sixes	Longacre . . †
Along Came Ruth	Gaiety . . b2y
Adams, Maude	Empire . . a1xP*
A Thousand Years Ago	Shubert . . a1xP*
Crinoline Girl	Knickerbocker . . †
Grumpy	Wallack's . . a1yP*
High Jinks	Casino . . a2z*
Kitty MacKay	Comedy . . a1yP*
Maid of Athens	New Amsterdam . . †
Marrying Money	Princess . . †
Omar the Tent-Maker	Booth . . a2xP
Potash & Perlmutter	Cohan . . a1y*
Peg o' My Heart	Cort . . a1yP*
Sari	Liberty . . a1yP*
Seven Keys to Baldpate	Astor . . a1xP*
Starr, Frances	Belasco . . b2x
Things That Count	Playhouse . . a2xP
The Midnight Girl	44th St. . . b2z
The Misleading Lady	Fulton . . a1yP*
The Yellow Ticket	Eltinge . . a1xP*
Too Many Cooks	39th St. . . a2yP
Queen of the Movies	Globe . . a1zP
Whirl of the World	Winter Garden . . b1z

Puck's Impressions of Passing Plays.

BY THAD LAWSON.

PALACE THEATRE. Vaudeville.

VARIETY is the spice of life. Variety is the very life of a three-hour vaudeville show. If all the acts were headliners there would be no contrast. Everything being



DAZIE AS COLUMBINE IN BARRIE'S "PANTALOON,"
PALACE THEATRE.

alike, superlative, it would become monotonous—a bore. That's why vaudeville programs are arranged so that you are bored only part of the time.

As in painting, there must be a dark background to bring out the high lights. The background is always dull and uninteresting.

The first sombre act consisted, among other things, of a young girl—as a scarecrow—being thrown around the stage.

PUCK'S PLEASANT VALLEY CORRESPONDENT.

DEER MR. LAWSON:

You ast me to write for your paper about the shows that come up the valley. It won't take long as they have been scarce as hens teeth this year.

Wall Bensinger still runs the opy house. He sez bizness has bin rotten this year. I



SCENE FROM "THE THINGS THAT COUNT."

Next came a fifteen-minute smear on the background—"The Partners," a sketch written by James Horan. James's peculiar idea of humor is to caricature the Hebrew merchants. It was so like "Potash & Perlmutter" that Mr. Glass should apologize to Mr. Horan for emulating his ideas.

Then came a lighter shade of black. Darrell and Conway presented a sketch that was not hackneyed. Things grew brighter.

Louise Alexander introduced a most novel and unique idea. She and her partner actually tangoed on the stage. They did it much better than cabaret dancers.

A vivid touch of the vermilion—Trixie Friganza! This refreshing comedienne embodies that which makes headliners. Trixie was the best thing on the bill. We know why they had the Tango act—so Trixie could burlesque it.

Maude Lambert and Ernest Ball were in the vermilion class. Their singing act was brimful of spontaneity. It was contagious. They merited the many curtain-calls.

"The New Persian Garden" was prettily staged and well acted. The musical numbers were excellent and the cast good. Fred Lyons's comedy work was droll.

Nothing I could say would add to Anna Held's established reputation.

Vaudeville is an enjoyable evening's entertainment—if you don't go too often. The Palace Theatre is about the best place in the city to see high-class vaudeville, but they did n't have it the night I was there.

ast him why and he said because we were all tite wads. If any ones titer than Wall is I'd like to see them. When you get a pass outer Wall it's when he's under cloriform. He don't even reckernize me as the press.

The last show we had we did n't have. Wall sez it went broken up to Millport.

The next ter the last one was Rye Bros. mastoden minstrels. They allers come every year. They have a band that plays like Sam Hill every one on em.

The show is all rite only Wall is such a danged tite wad that he won't fix the broken winder pains and the wind was blowin like Sam Hill that nite and the lites went out 5 times in suction.

I had ter laff at one joak. the feller on the end ast the feller in the middle whens a door not a door? of cours the fellow in the middle never knows why so the first feller says when it's a jar. Then another feller ast him why a hen crossed the road. I thought i new the answer to that, seen it in an alnernac, but I did n't cause the anser was, to show her silk hose. no one laffed at that but Lafe Thimblewebber, he'd like to laffed his fool head off.

They had 4 fellers that could sing like the old harry. lots er barber shop minors. when they sang old kentucky home we did n't feel like laffing.

The rest of the show was pretty 'good. As soon as a new show comes will write you.

yours truly

LEM PINKLEMAN J. P.

WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE! The Play of the Week



JOHN CROMWELL



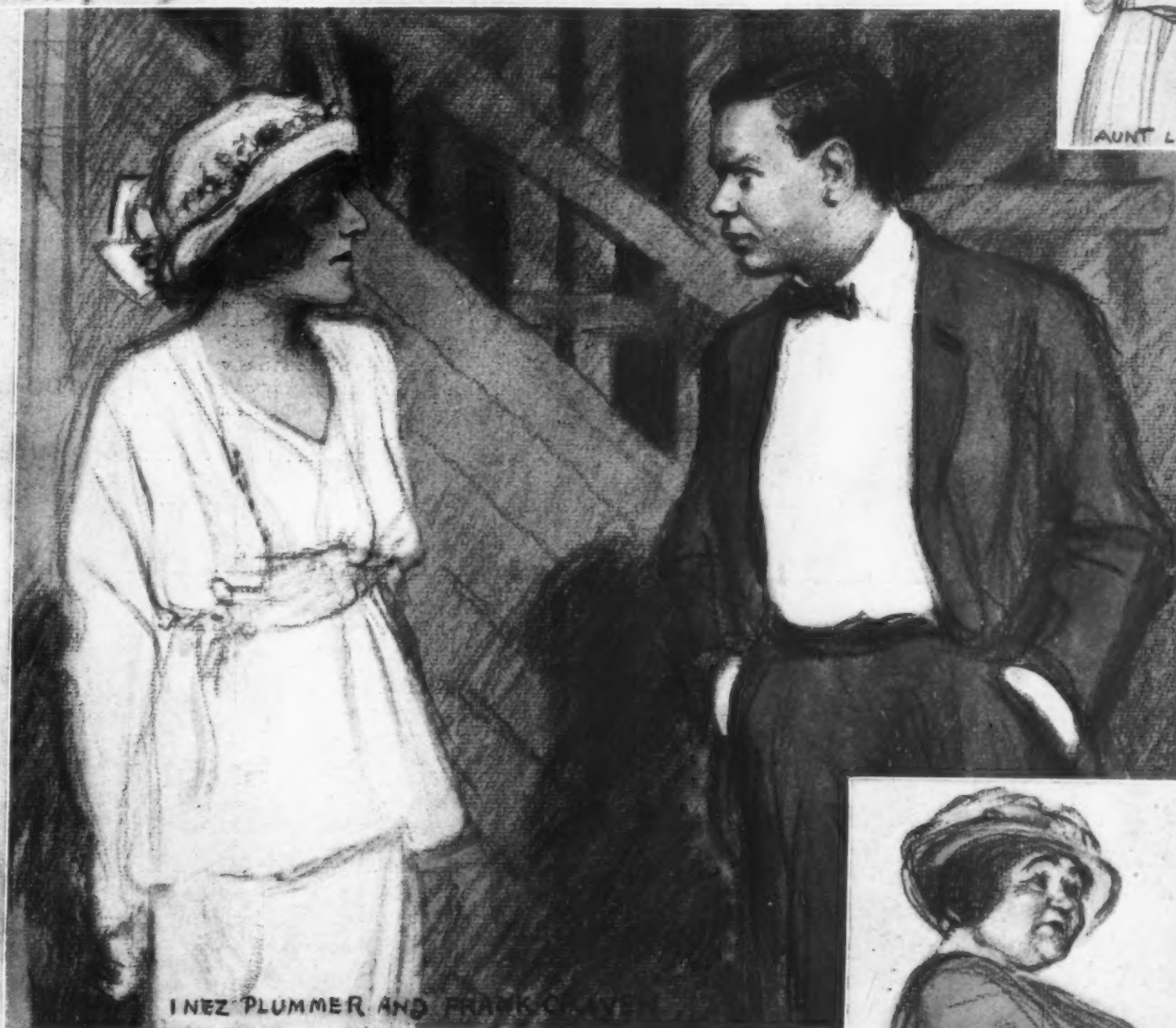
ALBERT



UNCLE



AUNT LOUISE



INEZ PLUMMER AND FRANK CRAVE



AUNT EMMA



THE SISTERS



MATTIE KEENE

DRAWINGS BY W. E. MILL.

"TOO MANY COOKS."

WHAT'S WHAT IN WASHINGTON.

ERA OF SIMPLICITY WHICH SURPASSES T. JEFFERSON'S. EPIDEMIC OF CALLS AND CARDS. WELFARE WORK DE LUXE.

THE present era in Washington is one of more than Jeffersonian simplicity. Frugality prevails that would have won mention in *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Several of the Cabinet officers have it, but they don't believe in being reckless with it. At a recent tea, given by the wife of a member of the Cabinet, it is estimated that the collation cost all of four dollars. The smaller fry are entertaining in proportion. The situation is well described in an epigram credited to a Washington society man, one of the permanent inhabitants. He says: "Anybody can give a party this season who has a victrola and a hunk of cheese."

SOCIETY women of Washington are going into welfare work just now with much earnestness of purpose. One young lady worked herself into a nervous breakdown, and several others have jeopardized their health to such an extent



WHAT'S THE USE?

MRS. TABBY (with a grievance).—Isn't it the limit! After I took the trouble to make a strictly eugenic marriage, they went and drowned all our children but this one!

that there is serious talk of organizing welfare work among the welfare workers. However, things will eventually simmer down to a working basis.

A couple of buds were going their welfare rounds. "We must call on some people in this tenement," said one.

The other shuddered. "This is such a squalid house," faltered she. "We can't call here."

"Oh, but we promised to call!"

"Could n't we just leave cards?" suggested the other. And they did.

There is not so much official eating as there was under the Taft dynasty. So the bill has been pigeon-holed which was to provide for a Toastmaster-General.

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL wears a silk hat exactly like the kind worn by a French count in a comic picture. It does n't look much like the famous hat of President Harrison's time. However, this is not the Vice-President's fault. When you buy a silk hat these days you have to take what the man hands you.

THE leaving of cards has reached terrifying proportions in the national capital. The ladies in official life spend half their time in distributing the family pasteboards. And they receive more than they distribute. Mrs. Marshall got 1,400 at one reception. Placed end to end they would reach from—but what's the use? The wife of a Western Senator got industrious one day, determined to catch up with her obligations, and went out and made eleven calls. She came home and found that seventeen calls had been made on her during her absence. She still owes innumerable calls, and her only hope is that her husband will introduce a bill providing for a Social Bankruptcy Act. Some ladies think the situation may be saved by providing one's stationer with a mailing list



The Spirit of Service

WHEN the land is storm-swept, when trains are stalled and roads are blocked, the telephone trouble-hunter with snow shoes and climbers makes his lonely fight to keep the wire highways open.

These men can be trusted to face hardship and danger, because they realize that snow-bound farms, homes and cities must be kept in touch with the world.

This same spirit of service animates the whole Bell telephone system. The linemen show it when they carry the wires across mountains and wilderness. It is found in the girl at the switchboard who sticks to her post despite fire or flood. It inspires the leaders of the telephone forces,

who are finally responsible to the public for good service.

This spirit of service is found in the recent rearrangement of the telephone business to conform with present public policy, without recourse to courts.

The Bell System has grown to be one of the largest corporations in the country, in response to the telephone needs of the public, and must keep up with increasing demands.

However large it may become, this corporation will always be responsive to the needs of the people, because it is animated by the spirit of service. It has shown that men and women, co-operating for a great purpose, may be as good citizens collectively as individually.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

and letting him mail the cards direct. This system is no worse than having a coachman go around with a basket of pasteboards.

President Wilson has fallen down on only one assignment. He was going to make the Vice-Presidency an important office.

A TOE-DANCER recently pirouetted down the Capitol steps in regulation dancing costume. For the movies? You have guessed it. There is much indignation over this affair among members of Congress. Not one of them saw her.

Will Berne.



"THE LEFT-HAND DRIVE."

WHAT SOME AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS CONSIDER AN INNOVATION.

SUNNY BROOK

INSPECT

THE PURE FOOD WHISKEY

The Inspector Is Back Of Every Bottle



The next time you feel "out of sorts," try a little **Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey**—Almost instantly you will note a delightful change—You will work harder and **Earn More**—you will feel better and **Enjoy Life More**. No other tonic acts so promptly and satisfactorily. That's why today—after fifty years—**Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey**—can point with pride to a legion of **Loyal** friends, who recognize that, on account of its exquisite flavor, its mellowness and high tonic properties, **Sunny Brook** justly merits its proud title—**The Pure Food Whiskey**.

Each bottle of **Sunny Brook** is sealed with the Green Government Stamp—a positive assurance that every drop is **natural, straight whiskey**—scientifically distilled and carefully aged by the **largest distillers of fine whiskey in the world**.

SUNNY BROOK is now bottled with our own patented "Twister" stoppers. One twist un-corks or re-corks the bottle tight. No Need for Cork Screws.

LOOK FOR THE INSPECTOR ON THE LABEL!

PITY, ISN'T IT?

A woman has presented Cincinnati a painting worth \$400,000. And think of how many nifty fielders and star slab artists this sum would buy, and how much Cincinnati needs them.—*Oklahoma City Oklahoman*.



COACH (on cycle).—Hang you, Cox! you'll be into the bank. Why can't you look where you're going?—*Punch*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

CASEY AND CALLAHAN were attending their first circus, and were all eyes. They wandered around the menagerie tent taking in all the sights. "An' it's the quare names they do be havin' fer all them bastes," said Casey.

"It is thot," replied Callahan, "an' here's wan more," as his eyes spied the word "Exit."

"Wonder phwat kind of a baste that is?"

"We'll go in and see annyhow," said Casey, and the next moment they found themselves under the stars.—*New York Weekly*.

L.S.D. DRAWING
Cartoon, caricature, and illustrating taught in **BOOK** form.
Principles of our entire correspondence course with over 125 illustrations. 76 expressions of human face. Write **\$1.00** today for book "How to Draw". Sent postpaid.
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF DRAWING,
Box 232, K. Washington, D. C.

IN A RESTAURANT.

Oh, the oysters are not so inviting,
And the soup and the fish aren't much;
The chef seems inclined to be slighting
Each dish that he chances to touch.
The roast isn't what you expected,
And the service is marked by delays.
But cheer up! You've not been neglected—
How sweetly the orchestra plays.

The strains of a beautiful ballad
With keenest enjoyment are heard;
So who shall find fault with the salad
Or speak with disdain of the bird?
Mere food is not worth admiration,
While art is a thing to adore;
Don't eat, but observe with elation
The dancers trip out on the floor!
—*Washington Star*.

STUMPING MOTHER.

"Mother," said little Mabel, "do missionaries go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, dear," her mother replied.

"Do cannibals?"

"No, I am afraid they don't."

"But, mother," the little girl insisted, "if a cannibal eats a missionary he'll have to go, won't he?" — *Evening Post*.

AND VICE-VERSA.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "who were the two strongest men of olden times?"

"Samson and Hercules."

"Can you tell anything about them?"

"Oh, yes. Samson was a regular Hercules." — *St. Louis Star*.

Shirley President Suspenders
50¢

Comfortable, sensible,
—also good-looking
"Satisfaction
or money back"

Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

A RARE WORK.

Fogg reports that he overheard this in the book department of one of our big stores:

CUSTOMER.—Have you Arnold's poems?

SALESLADY (turning to head of department).—Miss Simpson, have we Benedict Arnold's poems? — *Boston Transcript*.

CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK.

"I despise a hypocrite."

"So do I."

"Now, take Jack Johnson, for example—he's the biggest hypocrite on earth."

"But you appear to be his best friend."

"Oh, yes. I try to appear friendly toward him. It pays better in the end." — *Exchange*.

SAFE.

CHAUFFEUR.—Sir, I'm afraid our gasolene is going to catch fire.


HE.—Is that the same stuff I use in my automatic cigar-lighter?

CHAUFFEUR.—Yes, sir, and—

HE.—Not the slightest danger. Drive on.—*Yale Record*.

"How much does it cost your husband to run his automobile?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Chuggins, "the language I heard him use leads me to fear that it is going to cost him his eternal salvation." — *Wash. Star*.



The Favorite
of all men who appreciate a
fine—old—mellow whiskey
OLD I. W. HARPER WHISKEY
For half a century it has led
the field.
BERNHIM DISTILLING CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

A MATTER OF HALF A CROWN.



HENRY.—Stay, Rupert, I would have speech with thee.

RUPERT.—Nay, Henry, too well I know speech is silver.

—*Sydney Bulletin*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Underwood

"The Machine You Will
Eventually Buy"

WHY?

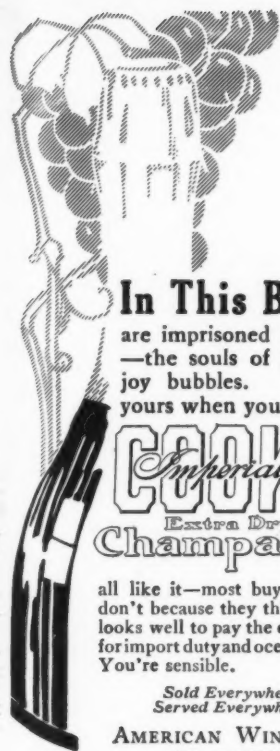
Because it holds all awards for

Mechanical Supremacy

and

All International Records for
Speed, Accuracy, Stability

Underwood



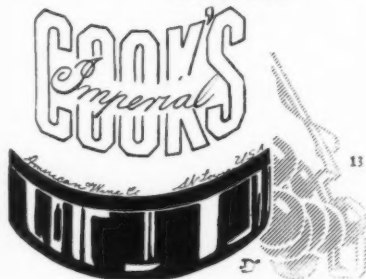
In This Bottle
are imprisoned sunshine
—the souls of grapes—
joy bubbles. They're
yours when you say

COOK'S
Extra Dry
Champagne

all like it—most buy it—some
don't because they think that it
looks well to pay the extra price
for import duty and ocean freight.
You're sensible.

Sold Everywhere
Served Everywhere

AMERICAN WINE CO.
ST. LOUIS



MR. WAYBACK.—Be yew the waiter?
WAITER.—Yes, suh.

MR. WAYBACK.—Dew yew know,
I've been wonderin' all along why
they called these places chop-houses.
I know now. Will you please give me
an axe? I want to cut this steak.—
The Globe.

THE CALLER.—I want to see your
master about a bill.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVANT.—He
went to the country last night.

THE CALLER.—I want to pay him.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVANT (*hastily*).
—But he returned this morning.—
Sketch.

Trees—Plants—Vines
In small or large lots at wholesale
prices. Catalog and Green's Fruit
Book—FREE. Green's Nursery Co.
88 Wall St., Rochester, N. Y.

TOO CHEAP.

"Shall I dissolve another pearl in
the chalice for your breakfast?" asked
Charmion.

"No," replied Cleopatra. "Pearls
are too inexpensive and commonplace.
Boil me an egg."—*Washington Star.*

"ARE you sure this play of yours is
going to make for the uplift of the
race when you ask our club to indorse
it?"

"Of course, it is both enlightening
and uplifting. The police have raided
it three times."—*Balto. American.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
12, 14 and 16 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

THE LOTS.

Old Abraham's nephew must not be forgot
When we're searching for woman's comparative worth;
While it's true that he was not at all a bad Lot,
His wife was admittedly the salt of the earth.—*The Sun.*

NOT A KNOCKER.

A worker in one of the mission settlements was speaking to some water-
front boys with reference to Roman history. He touched upon the doings of
Nero, giving a vivid picture of the cruelty of the Emperor. It seemed to the
speaker that he had fixed the idea of injustice and wickedness in the minds
of his hearers. Then he began to ask a few questions.

"Boys, what do you think of Nero?"

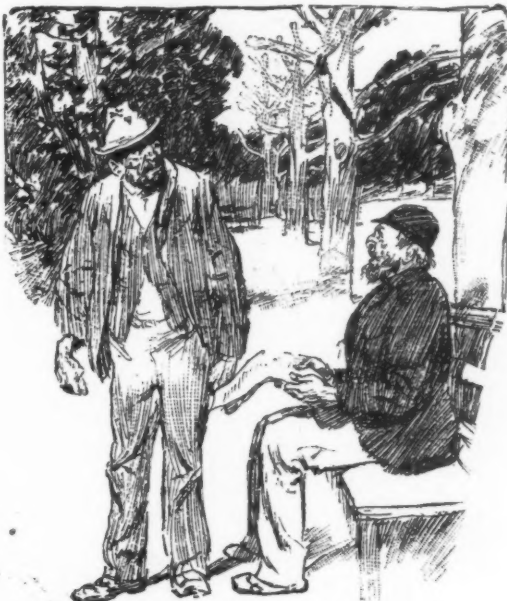
Silence, broken only by an uneasy shifting of the lads in their seats.

"Well, Clancy," said the lecturer, making an individual appeal, "what do
you think of Nero? Would you say he was a good man? Would you like to
know him?"

Clancy hesitated. Finally, after again being urged to reply, he did so in
these words:

"Well, he never done nothin' to me."—*Harper's Magazine.*

AD VALOREM.



FIRST DOMAIN DOSSER.—Did yer get that job, Henery?

SECOND DOMAIN DOSSER.—I would n't take it. I arst 'im
wot he wos a-goin' ter give me, an' 'e said as much as I was
worth. I told 'im to his face that would n't do fer me.

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are
appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail,
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

*A soft, rich whiskey
with the flavor
of an old vintage.
Old fashioned dis-
tillation—ripened
by age only.*

Bottled
in Bond

PEBBLEFORD

*Old Fashioned
Quality*

Kentucky Bourbon

CLEAR SPRING DISTILLING CO.,
BOURBON, NELSON COUNTY, KY

WISE GENT.—I saw Edith getting
into her new Flanders this morning.

UTTER NUT.—What are flanders?
Stanford Chaparral.



DIARY

November 12, 1813.

"It was mighty stormy last even-
ing—too stormy for Bob and Tom to
get to the tavern's fireside. Wash't
too stormy for me though—and I guess
good OLD OVERHOLT RYE is company
enough, anyhow!"

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

has proven good company for five
generations. Its pure, mellow flavor
and rare bouquet make it the
first choice wherever good
whiskey is appreciated.

Aged in charred oak barrels,
distilled and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



ONE MAID.

A maid there was in our town
Whose modesty was rare;
Of autumn leaves she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare.
When night its sable shadow threw
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtain did not hide from view
The man up in the moon.
A plumber caused her death one day.
So the story goes—
By asking in a careless way
To let him see her hose.

—*Age-Herald.*

ANGUISH.

"Do you ever weep over a story?"
"Sometimes, when I get it back
from the publishers."—*Houston Post.*

"WHAT means dis heah p'litical
'conomy?" asked Rastus, who was en-
deavoring to wade through a paper.

"Frum de way de politicians down
ouah wahd is actin'," answered Rufus,
"I s'spects it means de mos' votes foh
de least money."—*Kansas City Star.*

FOR P. M. DUTY.

Senator Ollie James told of a young man in Louisville who not long since
hung up his shingle as attorney-at-law.

One afternoon a friend, upon entering the office, observed upon the desk
of the new legal light a dollar alarm-clock.

"That's a good idea," said the friend. "One is very apt to oversleep
these fine spring mornings."

The youthful attorney smiled sadly. "This alarm-clock was not bought
for the reason you mention," said he. "I merely keep it here to wake me
when it is time to go home."—*Green Bag.*

HER IDEA.

PATIENCE.—Will says that when he kissed you last night he noticed that
you'd been eating onions.

PATRICE.—Well, all I've got to say is that a man who will notice onions
on a girl's breath when he's kissing her has n't got his mind on his business.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"ANY good seats left?" asked the tall, cadaverous-looking man at the
box-office.

"Plenty of 'em," said the box-office man. "All down in front, too."

"Gee, I'm sorry!" said the tall, cadaverous man, turning away with a sigh.
"I'm the author of the play."—*Lippincott's.*

"WHAT do you understand by 'edible fungi'?"

"It has somethin' to do with mushrooms an' toadstools," replied Father
Cornloss. "But whether it's what you swaller or what happens to you after-
ward I would n't like to say without writin' to the Department."—*Wash. Star.*



L.M. GLALKENS

THE SINGING LESSON.